



SOCIETY and PERSONAL ACTIVITIES of WOMEN



SOCIETY

Among the parties to be given this week in honor of Miss Gertrude Baumgartner, 522 Leland av., whose marriage to Paul Gooley will take place this month, are an informal dinner to be given by Miss Mary Veneziana, Ross st., Thursday evening, a miscellaneous shower Friday evening with Miss Mary McCarthy, 250 S. Scott st., acting as hostess, an apron shower, at which Miss Kathleen Moran, N. Scott st., will be hostess Saturday afternoon, and a luncheon at the Robertson Tea Room Monday, given by Miss Margaret Martin, S. Taylor st.

The Rose Circle held their monthly meeting Monday evening with Mrs. Lloyd Bushfield, 918 E. Fox st., Needwork furnished the diversion of the evening, and refreshments were served after a short business session. In September, Miss Bernice Fredler will entertain the circle at her home, 711 Logan st.

The first reunion of the John McCreary family was held Sunday at Pottawatomie park. A picnic dinner was served at noon to 83 members, followed by a business meeting, during which officers were elected as follows: Mrs. Fred McCreary, president; Mrs. Jack Trux, vice-president; Fred Freeman, secretary and treasurer. Recitations were given by Mrs. Fred McCreary, Miss Sylvia Hartman and Miss Vera Stutman. The oldest member present was Cyrus Freeman of Walkerton, Ind., and the youngest member the four weeks old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl McCreary of Mishawaka.

The second annual reunion will be held the last Sunday in July, 1922, at Pottawatomie park.

Fourteen reservations for the dinner-dance at the Country club last evening were made by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bryan, honoring Miss Mildred Mahon of Cleveland, O., the guest of Miss Marjorie Bryan. A low mound of vari-colored asters was placed at each end of the table. Covers were placed for Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, Miss Mahon, Miss Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. James Bryan, Miss Marian Cady, Miss Jane Dennis, Miss Lois Huber and Albert Huber, Jack Campbell, Leo Mattes, John Wolverton and Mohler Wilwer.

The marriage of Miss Opel Vivian Rans, 1406 Lincoln Way W., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. U. Rans, of Logansport, Ind., and Earl C. Kling, 206 E. Navarro st., son of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kling of Logansport, was solemnized this morning at St. Joseph, Mich.

The bride was attractive in a gown of midnight blue satin, with hat to match. Her corsage was of bride's roses. The groom is connected with the firm of Overland, Hill & Co., this city.

After a motor trip through Michigan Mr. and Mrs. Kling will be at home in South Bend.

On account of illness, the meeting of the Ladies' Aid society of the Sunnyside Presbyterian church, which was to have been held at the home of Mrs. Charles McCormick, 1202 Queen st., was held at the church parlors instead. Fifteen members answered to the roll call at the business meeting, which was opened by the president, Mrs. Alonzo Weinberg. Refreshments were served by the hostesses, Mrs. Joseph Chambers and Mrs. Melvin Chambers, during the social hour. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. McCormick on Queen st., Sept. 6.

In celebration of Mrs. Frankel's 70th birthday anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Frankel, 334 N. Lafayette bldg., gave a reception at their home Monday evening. The home was beautifully decorated with a profusion of roses and gladioli, birthday remembrances of friends. During the evening Miss Beyers, of Chicago, gave a number of interesting readings, and little Miss Theresa Marks, a granddaughter of Mrs. Frankel, gave several interpretive dances in costume. By a special request, Mrs. Frankel and Ira Cieselski danced the old-fashioned cake walk. Dainty refreshments were served, a color scheme of pink and white being carried out. Out-of-town guests present included Mrs. H. Lowen of Providence, R. I., Mrs. C. Hyman, Cleveland, O., Miss Beyers, Chicago, Ill., and Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Marks and daughter of Superior, Wis.

Misses Ella and Esther Steiner were hostesses to the Maids of Honor club of St. Peter's Evangelical church at their home, 1824 Oak

st., Tuesday evening. Ten members and two guests, Miss Anna Edstrom and Miss Tillie Mals, were present. During the social hour following the business meeting, refreshments were served. Miss Helen Price, 743 Salina av., will be hostess to the club at the next meeting, Aug. 16.

The John Taylor and James Taylor families held a joint reunion last Sunday at Pottawatomie park. At 1 o'clock picnic dinner was served to 67 members, followed by a business meeting. Officers elected for the following year are as follows: President, Oliver Taylor of Chicago; vice president, Mrs. Joseph Stepp of Mishawaka City; secretary, Mrs. Ernest Taylor of South Bend; and treasurer, Mrs. Clyde Bael of Tiras. The entertainment committee is composed of Dr. R. C. Taylor, Elburn, Ill., Dr. H. W. Taylor, Rochester, Ind., Mrs. Clyde Taylor, Bourbon, Ind., Mrs. Paul Burns of Walkerton, Ind., and Mrs. Reuben Frick of South Bend. Those on the refreshment committee are Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bloomer, Mrs. R. A. Frick, Mrs. J. A. Taylor and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, all of South Bend. Games were a feature of the afternoon, followed by supper at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Martin Stepp, 83 years old, of Winamac, Ind., was the oldest member present, and Jean Eleanor Burns, eight months old, of Walkerton, Ind., the youngest. The next reunion will be held the first Sunday in Aug., 1922.

Mrs. F. M. Baker, 146 Laporte av., entertained Tuesday afternoon with an informal tea, given in honor of Mrs. J. R. Bremner, 1601 Lincoln way E., who will leave Wednesday for Kansas City, Mo., where Mr. Bremner has accepted a position as traffic manager for a wholesale concern. Miss Ruth Baker poured at a table prettily decorated with garden flowers.

The chairman of the entertainment committee of the Country club announced that the regular dances will be held this week and next on Tuesdays and Thursdays and after next week there will be only one dance a week and that on Thursday evening.

Much interest centers around the approaching marriage of Miss Dorothy Mix, of Mishawaka, and Millard Fleming, formerly of Elkhart, Wednesday of next week, because of the close social relationship of Elkhart, Mishawaka and South Bend affairs. Honoring Mrs. Mix being given in all three places. Miss Helen Lang is entertaining 12 guests at luncheon today at her home in Mishawaka complimenting Miss Mix. Wednesday afternoon, Miss Helen Service will be hostess at a theater party at the Blackstone, to be followed with tea at the Robertson, and in the evening Miss Madeleine Shidler, of this city will entertain 10 guests at dinner at her home. Thursday a luncheon will be given at the Robertson by Miss Grace Clark of Mishawaka; and in the evening Miss Josephine A'Hara, of

Mishawaka will be hostess to 24 guests at the Chain O'Lakes country club. Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Mix will entertain 60 guests at dinner at home. Mrs. J. Fleming and daughter Betty, of Elkhart, will give a tea at their home on Saturday afternoon and the same evening William Gill, of Mishawaka, will be host at dinner at the Oliver hotel.

The annual reunion of the Webber family was held Sunday at Bertrand Island. Dinner was served at 2 o'clock after which short talks were given by the different members and the annual election of officers took place with the following results: Joseph Webber, president, William Webber, vice-president, Mrs. D. M. Van Nordstrand, secretary, and Edward Webber, treasurer.

Announcements

The Ladies' Aid and Woman's Missionary societies of the First Evangelical church will hold a monthly business meeting Thursday afternoon at Pottawatomie park, after which they will serve a supper at 6:30 o'clock to husbands and friends of members.

A joint meeting of the Home and Foreign Missionary societies of the First M. E. church will be held Thursday afternoon at 2:30 in the Friendship room of church. The hostesses for the afternoon will be Mesdames Walter Fassnacht, J. D. Loveland, E. T. Moore, Marvin Campbell, R. H. Kersey, Grace Mitchell and Viola Worthington.

The meeting of the Pleasant View W. C. T. U. announced for Aug. 7 will not be held until Aug. 17.

The Independent club will hold an all-day meeting Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Charles Brown, 311 Clinton st. A pot luck dinner will be served at noon.

The Ladies' Aid society of the German M. E. church will hold its regular monthly meeting Wednesday afternoon at Pottawatomie park. If the weather is unfavorable the meeting will be held in the church parlors.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of Grace M. E. church will meet Thursday afternoon in the church parlors. Mr. Martin of Japan will be the speaker.

Personals

Miss Elizabeth Kuhlman of Huntington, Ind., is guest at the home of J. Baumgartner, 522 Leland av.

Atty. Walter Clements, 315 N. Taylor st., has returned from a two weeks' visit at Louisville, Ky.

E. W. Morse and son, Sidney C. Morse, 1027 California av., are spending a few days in Chicago.

Dr. and Mrs. Edgar R. Borley and son, David, left today for the Muskoka lake region of Canada, to spend two weeks.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie: I am a girl, 18 years old, and very lonely. About four years ago my folks moved to a neighboring town. We lived there just about five months. While there I met a boy whom I grew to love with all my heart and soul, and I think he loved me, though he never told me so, for we were very young, I tried to make myself believe that it was what older folks term "puppy love."

When we moved away it nearly broke my heart, but I would not let any one know it. I was so lonely in our new home that I would cry myself to sleep almost every night. I have tried and tried to forget him, but I cannot. I have not seen or heard from him directly until about one month ago.

When we were preparing a banquet some one suggested that we invite out-of-town guests, so I asked the opportunity to write him. He was away from home at the time my letter arrived, so he did not answer for over a week. He said he could not come to the banquet because his car had been in a wreck and it was still in the garage.

As it is only eight miles from his home to mine, I thought he could accept the invitation if he wanted to. In his letter he asked to be permitted to call on me at some future date, but when I answered his letter I guess I hurt his feelings, but I did not intend to. I could hardly restrain myself from pouring out my whole

heart to him in my letter. Feeling already humiliated, I told him I thought he could come on the train if no other way.

I've never heard from him again, and I have thought of him always. I cannot help it. I just simply can't go with any other boy. It just makes me more lonely.

I try to make myself believe this is not love, but what is it? I think of him always. How can I win him back? I just must see him. Is this love?

FORLORN PEGGY: I don't believe a little girl of 18 is capable of falling deeply in love with a boy, my dear. You have allowed your imagination to beguile you into thinking you love a young man who, no doubt, thinks of you only as a friend.

You cannot force any one's affections, Peggy, and it is useless to try. Stop thinking so much about him. Enjoy the companionship of other young persons and try to forget him. If he really wishes to resume your friendship he will find a way. If he doesn't, there is nothing you can do to make him. And there is no use in being miserable over something you can't help. Is there, dear?

Dear Annie Laurie: I am a girl 19 years old. I have been going with the boys several years. I have never cared for one boy, and he often told me he cared only for me.

He moved from here two years ago. I've heard from him regularly, but somehow his letters haven't been entirely satisfactory lately. I'm sure I shall never love another boy. What shall I do? Shall I write him and find out if he still loves me, or just be patient and hope and pray that he does love me and will return to me.

Should I go out with other boys, or be strictly true to him? Please help me, and remember in giving your answer that I will do anything to keep him, for my own, for he is all the world to me, and my life depends on his love.

ANXIOUS: There is nothing you can do but be patient and make the best of things. Don't ask him if he loves you. Keep your letters friendly and pleasant, and don't mention love.

You are not engaged, therefore there is no reason why you shouldn't go about with other young persons. Don't devote all your thoughts to this boy who has been away from you such a long time. Mingle with others, and become interested in their affairs and their good times. And don't spend so much time in self-pity and endless wondering why your friend has seemingly changed. You shouldn't allow yourself to become a recluse just on account of thoughts of him.

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, in care of this office.

UNCLE WIGGILY

The Story of the Strawberries

By HOWARD R. GARIS

Uncle Wiggily Longears was hopping along through the woods one day, going to the five-cent store for Nurse Jane, when the bunny rabbit heard among the trees a noise that made him stop and listen. "Oh, mother! We are so hungry!" some voices said. "Please give us something to eat!"

Oh, ho! thought Mr. Longears to himself. "Here is a poor animal family starving. I must get them something to eat. I'll see whether they like strawberry shortcake or cheese pie best."

But before Uncle Wiggily could hop along and ask, he saw a mother and some half-grown birds fluttering on the ground not far away. Then the mother bird said:

"Come! Come! You birds are getting big enough to pick up food for yourselves. Do as I do, and pick food up in your bills."

But the little birds fluttered their wings and chirped the mother.

"Please feed us just this once, mother, and after that we'll pick our own living."

"Well, this is the last time I'll feed you," sang the mother bird. Then she took some seeds in her bill, and, as the small birds opened their mouths as widely as they could, the old bird put her sharp beak half way down their throats, leaving the seeds there to be swallowed.

"Oh, aren't you afraid your sharp beak will hurt your little birds?" asked Uncle Wiggily as he looked on.

"Not at all," answered the mother.

"Birds are always fed that way when they are small. But mine ought to be large enough, now, to feed themselves. Only they like me to do it!" she laughed and sang. "But this is the last time," she said.

"After this you birds must pick for yourselves."

The small birds said they would, and Uncle Wiggily hopped away, thinking how strange it was that little birds must be fed by the sharp bill of the mother.

That evening, when Uncle Wiggily reached his hollow stump burrow, having hopped many miles in looking for adventures, he was met on the porch by Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy.

"I have a surprise for you, Uncle Wiggily," said the muskrat housekeeper.

"Strawberry shortcake?" asked



"Here, you silly bird! Eat!" cried Nurse Jane

the bunny, hopeful like.

"Well, I have that, too," said Nurse Jane. "But look here." She lifted a soft cloth from a box and showed Mr. Longears a dear little bird.

"It's a baby robin that fell out of the nest," said Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. "It can't fly, and I brought it in to keep it until it gets stronger. But it's so hungry, Uncle Wiggily, and though I've put a nice dish of seeds, and crackers and milk, and worms and bugs right under the baby robin, it hasn't got its eyes open and can't see."

"Oh, yes, little birds come out of the shells with their eyes open," said Mr. Longears.

"Then why doesn't this baby robin eat?" Nurse Jane wanted to know.

"I'm sure it's hungry, for it opens its mouth as wide as it can every time I come near. Look, it's opening its mouth now!"

And, surely enough, the baby robin opened wide its big beak and cried:

"Yip! Yip! Yip!"

"Here, you silly bird! Eat!" cried Nurse Jane.

"He doesn't yet know how to eat," said Uncle Wiggily. "He's been used to having his mother thrust food down his throat on her bill. And we must do the same."

"But the mother robin isn't here. It's too late now, to go look for her," said Nurse Jane. "And it is so late that all the other birds have gone to sleep in their nests, so we can't get

Revelations of A Wife

By ADELE GARRISON

"You poor things!" Lillian commiserated, as with an arm around my waist, and one hand held out to Dicky, she welcomed us in her own royal fashion. "Far be it from me to make any unkind comments, but I never saw people of your station in life so in need of soap and water!"

Her eyes were dancing with mischief, and I knew that she welcomed the opportunity of getting a rise out of Dicky, the fastidious. He took the bait promptly.

"You needn't own us as acquaintances if you don't want to," he said. "You go on ahead, and I'll follow Madge and I will respectfully follow twelve steps in the rear, carrying the luggage. Nobody will be able to tell us from a really truly couple of color belonging to your entourage. But let me tell you, young lady," suddenly changing his tone, "if you'd been shunted on to this blasted day coach from Washington on you wouldn't be quite so brash!"

"I know it, Dicky-bird," Lillian replied placatingly, "but you'll feel better as soon as you get into a good hot bath and have one of Betty's dinners. Of course, you're going to spend the night with me, so sit your stumps, lad, and pipe all hands down to a porter and a taxi."

"I'm more likely to make you walk a plank," Dicky growled, "and what's the big idea anyway of making your husband have one of Betty's dinners?"

"Will you shut up and get a porter?" Lillian demanded, and turned to me, as with a futile final grin Dicky beckoned to a waiting porter.

"Is everything all right?" she asked softly and hurriedly. "I've been worried ever since I received your father's wire."

"There's nothing wrong that I know of," I returned, "but I have oceans to tell you when we have a chance to be alone. How is Marion?" I raised my voice to its normal tones as Dicky dropped back with what I pay, queer, he always came and bagged to the hands or rather arms of the porter—the suitcase capacity of the arms of a railroad porter has always been a fascinating mystery to me.

"Not as well as I wish she were," she replied, her face clouding. "We both had a hectic session with the influenza while you were gone, nothing serious, fortunately, but it has left Marion a bit dumpling. If I could only have gotten out into the suburbs with her, but perhaps you know what the house situation has been. I'm on my knees to my particular little jew every day in thankfulness that I've got an iron-bound lease on my apartment for two years to come. The landlord has worn his teeth through gnashing them at his lost opportunities for charging eight times what I pay. Queer, he always seemed a kindly old soul before. But this profiteering bug seems to make grafters of us all."

Dicky laughed at her paraphrase, but there was little mirth in the laughter. I guessed that her words had affected him, and he had me with a lively dread of what might be ahead of us when we should start house hunting. When we were encoined in the taxi and on the way to Lillian's, Dicky voiced the thought uneasily, though his announcement held a bit of bravado.

"If you want to see some real

them to come and feed this hungry bird with their sharp bills."

"We must make a sharp bill of our own," said the bunny. "Wait! I'll make this baby robin believe his mother is here."

Uncle Wiggily gnawed a piece of wood into a long point, like a bird's bill. Then, to make it seem more like a bird, he tied on the stick some feathers from Nurse Jane's chair fuster. Next, on the sharp stick,

Uncle Wiggily stuck some seeds with a little molasses.

"Now we'll feed the hungry bird," said the bunny. And, when he held the feathered stick near the little robin, it opened wide its mouth.

Uncle Wiggily put the food covered stick down the bird's throat, off dropped the seeds and other things, and the little bird swallowed them, fluttering his wings happily. "That's the way to feed little hun-

gry birds," said the bunny, and after that Nurse Jane had no trouble. She kept the little robin until it was old enough to fly away and find its mother.

Uncle Wiggily had learned something, you see, by watching the other birds. And, if the tea kettle doesn't sing in the ear of corn and make it pop, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the flying fish. (Copyright, 1921.)

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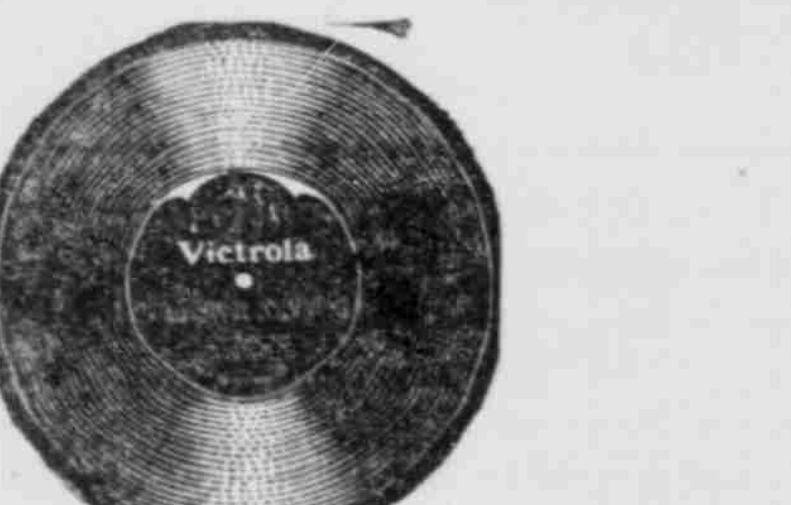
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